

Blood on My Hands by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

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[Intro]

"I don't really like to hear the squealing animals in the cemeteries, when they do their rituals, but they give me free vodka!"

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Y'all ain't about nothin', I'm bustin' a hundred rounds at you
I'm Pack Pistol Pazzo, I'm poppin' like 40 rounds at you
This bulldog barks and it mean that I'm sickin' hounds on you
We puff a pound or a two, Pazienza just insurmountable
The Goma-2 raw, and the substance wasn't compoundable
It's bodies everywhere and they try to hold me accountable
The Burberry bag is boujee and booty bountiful
The bankroll blickie, the names ain't even pronounceable
It ain't a ounce of you that could fathom havin' a bout at you
The weaponry is wonderous, numbers ain't even calculable
I stomp you out and pull the Beretta, money, it's marvelous
The gladiator war, fight with Gannicus, this is Spartacus!
The seventy disciples of Judaizers is the Barnabas
A reconstruction of the Acropolis beg us pardon us
The deeper the abyss is the deeper into the Tartarus
The AK diesel, the drum is a hippopotamus

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

He a dead man walkin'—that's a body!
Get his head popped talkin'—that's a body!
This a hundred round drum—that's a body!
Where we from? That's the slum—that's a body!
He a dead man walkin'—that's a body!
Get his head popped talkin'—that's a body!
This a hundred round drum—that's a body! (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)
Where we from? That's the slum—that's a body!

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, y'all still about nothin', I'm choppin' you with a tomahawk
Allah hates a coward, you do a lot of vagina talk

It's "as-salamu alaykum", I greet him with lots of Gaza talk
Headshot medulla oblongata on a plaza walk
I caught too many homi's, now it's time for me to find a morgue
Go here a rhymers dawg, it's another vagina monologue
I'll take you to a digital death, the place with no analog
I have your bones shakin', I break 'em like marijuana laws
It ain't no other boss that's as ill as me, son, it's lunacy
The leftist ideology killin' the black community
You need a couple bodies, just give me the opportunity
You milli mild muhfuckers is makin' buffoonery
It ain't no unity, ain't no talkin' it out, it's hammer time
I'm movin', B, but I don't be talkin', I'm like a pantomime
And I don't think that bein' a pussy should be romanticized
I run with motherfuckers that's diddy-boppin' and vandalize

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